

NUNCIUS INFERNALIS;
OR,
A NEW ACCOUNT
From BELOW.
IN TWO
DIALOGUES

The First

From the *Elysium* } OF FRIENDSHIP.
Fields,

The Second

From Hell of } Being the Sessions of Cuckolds.
Cuckoldom,
This last by Tom Browne

By CHARLES GILDON, Gent.

With a Preface by Mr. DUFFET.

L O N D O N,

Printed for Thomas Jones near Essex-street in the
Strand, 1692.

NOTICES INTERNALES:
 A NEW ACCOUNT
 FROM BELOW
 IN TWO
 DIALOGUES

The First
 From the Editor
 OF FRIENDSHIP
 Fights
 The Second
 From Hall of
 } Being the History of England
 Cuckoldom

By CHARLES GILSON, Gent.

With a Preface by MR. DUNN.

LONDON.

Printed for Thomas Dunne near St. Dunstons Church in the Strand, 1792.

Mr. WILLIAM BATTISHIL

Of the MIDDLE-TEMPLE, Gent.

Honoured Friend,

THERE is certainly something still wanting to *Happiness*, whilst our good Fortune remains a Secret; nor will the *Greatest* be able to *satisfie*, if secluded from the Knowledge of the *Publick*. This is a sort of *Vain-Glory* (however blameable it may seem) that has been and is the Parent of every *Noble Deed*, for the *Greatest* men of all Ages (I will not except *Rough Cato* himself) had never aim'd at *Vertue*, and mighty Actions, had it not been for the Glory that attended them; and that *Glory* consisted in their being *KNOWN* to all. Thus *Good Luck*, like a Young rich Heir, full of lusty Vigour, and brisk Spirits, thrusts forward, and shoulders it's

Genl. R. Fletcher 29 Mar. 70 Hall

The Epistle Dedicatory.

way through the Croud, and Hurry of the World, coveting to draw the Eyes of all to behold it's Gay Trappings and Golden-Train, whilst Misfortune, like an Anchoret, seeks the Coverts of Dark Cells, and unfrequented Deserts, to hide it self from the prying Contempt of pittylefs Mankind.

This *Vain Glory*, perhaps it is, that makes me not content with the frequent enjoyment of your *Conversation*, and the elevated *Bliss* of your *Friendship*; but I must thus take hold of the first opportunity of boasting my *Felicity*. Tho I am highly sensible that I shall not have a *few*, that will be ambitious to Out-rival me in your esteem. Nor can the Fate of *Candaules* deter me from discovering the *Charming Beauties* I am possess'd of in *You*, since the Noble *Setledness* of your *Temper* secures me from a *Change*. *Constancy*, the Essence of stedfast *Honour*, first-born of *Fortitude*, and the sure *Companion* of all other *Heroic Vertues*, is so grafted in your *Nature*, that is *You*; and you can as soon cease to *Be*, as cease to be firm to whatever you pretend to.

Truly happy therefore will that fortunate *Fair One* be, who shall subdue you to the Empire of *Love*: Happy as her *Charms* are Great! For nothing less than the greatest Accomplishments of *Youth*, *Beauty* and *Wit*, can do it; and when that *Tripple Force* concurs, what *Heroe*, or what *God* resists? And if the certainty of their lasting be the *Soul* of the *Joys* above, then it cannot be but a vast addition

addition to *Hers*, to be secure of an uninterrupted Enjoyment of her Conquest, which she must be, when once you have told her you Love.

- In this *Vertue* too, your *Friends* have no small share, when once you have chose. The *Annals* of *Time* has been very barren in *Examples* of *Friendship*, affording us in so many thousands of *Years* not above Six; nor was there any even of them more exact than you in all it's sacred Rules, even to the highest and nicest Points. The Precepts of *Tully* fall short of your Practice. You greatly resolve to partake of no Happiness of which you are not the Author; and therefore begin your *Friendship* there where the rest of the selfish Town end theirs, that is, in the *Clouds*, and *Storms* of *Fortune*, as I my self can witness, whom you embrac'd, when the base *Ingrates*, whom generous Obligations ought to have bound faster to me, fled from me.

What shou'd I mention the rest of the *Vertues* that adorn your Mind and Person? Your impartial Justice, both in Action and Sentence on Books and Men, your Temperance in flying many of those throngs of Pleasures, which eagerly invite you beyond the bounds of Moderation; few being able to know when 'tis well, whilst the Syrens of *Youth*, *Vigour* and *Plenty*, sing such bewitching Songs. Your *Liberality*, *Magnanimity* and *Prudence*, with the rest of the Excellencies that build up a *Heroe*, are but a part of them that compose you. What shou'd I mention that uncom-

mon

mon Grace, *Modesty*? the Queen of *Vertues*, and the certain Off-spring of true *Worth*, too bright and dazling for the *Vulgar Make* to approach, who therefore embrace it's opposite Vice *Impudence*, as more agreeable to their servile Natures, and more conducive to their God, *their Gain*: For tho the unshap'd *Cub* of sordid Ignorance, it has still been so successful to obtain more *Preferments* in *Courts*, *Cities*, and *Camps*, and (that which is most hard) with the *Fair* too, in one Age, than all the Perfections and Merits of *Mind* and *Person*, since the *Golden One*. Nay, your very self, *Onust*, (if I may use that word) as you are with such vast Accumulations of Excellencies, will never carry the Prize either in the *Lists* of *Love* or *Interest*, if you retain this in the Pursuit, as this following short Fable of *Calceagnus Apollonius* will not unpleasantly inform you.

Fortune and *Vertue*, having for their seconds *Folly* and *Wisdom*, once contended in the *Olympic Games*, whilst all Mankind were the Spectators, who all concluded that *Fortune* and *Folly* wou'd lose the Race; and therefore being won by their *Gay Youth*, and taking *Prettyness*, e'ry one shed Tears of Compassion for them. But the Event prov'd quite contrary. For *Fortune* being blind, car'd not whom, nor where she struck, on e'ry side, without any Consideration or Law; *Folly* on the other hand, *impudent* and *inconsiderate*, and as fast as what she said or did; *Vertue* and *Wisdom* gave way,

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way, were exploded, and his'd out by both the great *Vulgar* and the small; and *Fortune* and *Folly* clap'd, huzza'd, and admir'd. Thus the *Modest Man* so seldom prevails in his Pretensions. Cast therefore off this *sterile Good*, if you are for the Chase of *Interest*, *Dignities*, or (I am sorry I must add) *Love*: This never will succeed; believe me, I have try'd it; tho' there be this difference betwixt them that *Impudence*, is the fond-led Minion of the unthinking *Many*; and *Modesty* the Darling of the *Wise*, and *Heaven*. By this 'twill appear, I mean not that bashful Vice, or foolish *Rusticity* which covers the *Country Virgins* in the Company of Strangers with *Blushes*; but that which is consistent with a generous and complaisant Assurance, all beyond which (however successful and applauded) is nothing but *Arrogance* and *Impudence*.

You see, Sir, shou'd I give way to dilate upon your *Virtues*, into what endless Digression they wou'd lead me, when one alone has thus long retain'd me; I will therefore pass in silence what all that know you can witness, and what your Enemies themselves (if there be any so curst) must confess. For who is there that is ignorant of your Volubility in Discourse, dexterity in Argument, readiness of Wit, and acuteness of Judgment? The *Philosophy of your Life* (gain'd both from the Study of *Books* and *Men*) gives us better, and more, taking *Lessons of Morality*, than all the
Argu-

Argumentative *Harangues* of the *Lazzy*, unpractising, venal *Gown*. The sublime Precepts of this *Practise*, tho' the business of your serious Hours, does not Monopolize you so, but you sometimes unbend to a *Friend*, and a chirping *Bottle*, or else admit *Poetry* and the rest of *Philology* to entertain your softer *Minutes*. And there also the vivacity of your *Wit*, your true *Palate*, and *Judgment*, I have not a little admir'd, as often as you have given me leave to peruse an *Author* with you; so justly you apprehend those Places that are esteem'd the most abstruse, that you baffle the Dull, and often Erroneous, and generally impertinent Annotations of their *Scholiasts*.

Such are the *God-like Beanties* of your *Soul*; and *Heaven* has taken care to inclose so rich a *Jewel*, in a proportionably valuable Form, that it's Works might be perfect; a Form beyond which Fancy and fond Imagination can hardly arrive.

Gratior & Pulchro veniens in Corpore Virtus.

More charming than *Euryalus*, and not less awful than *Æneas*: *Os humerosq; Deo similitis*, the Masculine Symmetry of your *Limbs*, and *Body*; the Ladies the best Judges of them will acknowledge; but let them beware how they gaze upon your *Eyes*, they are the *Thrones of Love*, from whence the *Little God* will inevitably undo 'em. Not all the ravishing Sweetness of your *Tongue* (sure the best learnt in the soft Art of *Persuasion*) can be more fatal to their *Ears*, than to their *Eyes*,

Eyes, your Eyes. To Crown all, *Fortune*, to convince us, that she throws not all her Favour away on *Fools* and *Villains*, has blest you above your Wish (which is always moderate) tho' far short of your Deserts.

Pardon me *Friend*, for exposing this imperfect, and much unmasterly *Sketch* of your transcendent *Worth*, and bear it with the patience of a *Friend*, as you do my other Defects in *Wit*, *Judgment* and *Learning*, since 'tis only an Error of well-meant *Gratitude*, or at most a rash Sally of that *Joy* I cou'd no longer contain.

If I were not persuaded that you are not so severe a *Critick*, but the partiality of *Friendship* may prevail with you to pass a favourable *Censure* where it is not deserv'd; I cou'd not with any face desire your *Patronage* of this *Trifle*, which falls so e'ry way short of *Wit* and *Judgment*. I must confess I am much asham'd I cannot recommend it to your perusal on those accounts, which wou'd be most acceptable to you; for you will find none of that *Happiness* of *Thought*, *Gaiety* of *Elocution*, nor biting sharpness of *Satyr* you meet with in e'ry page of those several Authors you either *Study* or *Read*. I shall only presume to thrust in this small piece, as a change of Diet; a dull thing sometimes for variety being directive, provided it be not too tedious, and I hope I have not enlarg'd this beyond your Patience. Had I seen the incomparable *Boileau* before I had writ, I shou'd not have presum'd to have ventur'd in the same way; for Sir, we may perceive some *Glimmerings* of the *Beauty* and *Witt* of that Great
b Man,

Man, through the abominable *Jargon* of his *Scotch Translator*. As for the *Author*, you were pleas'd to tell me of; I can say nothing to him, not having as yet perus'd him; tho' the *Title Page* seems to intimate, That he follows the same *Fancy*: But I assure you, that it was *Lucian* himself that first gave me the *Hint* of introducing the *Dead*, as *Interlocutors*; and in that only have I imitated him. My *Friends Preface* has said more for it than I dare; which will atone for the *Penance* you must do in the perusal of the *Book*: But I hope you will give some Allowance for a first *Essay* of a *Raw Beginner* in the *Trade* of *Scribling*, who cannot be so regularly *Formal* as a through-pac'd *Sinner*.

Now to make an end of this trouble (after this digression (for so I must term all things but what treat of *You*) concerning the *Trifle* I beg your *Patronage* for.) Let me return to the more substantial business of this *Epistle*, as well as of my *Life*, and that is the divinely bewitching *Contemplation* of *your self*. Nor can I better express the *Ejaculations* of my *Soul* upon it, than in the words of *Cicero* to *Dollabella*, on his much celebrated *Brutus*. *Semper amabo Marcum Brutum, propter ejus summum ingenium, suavissimos mores, singularem probitatem & CONSTANTIAM, nihil mihi crede, virtute[illius] formosius, nil amabilius*: These being the *Heroick Charms* that endear you to e'ry generous *Breast*, and raise the *Admiration* of all that know you, as well as of,

S I R,

Your oblig'd and humble *Servant* and faithful *Friend*,

CHARLES GILDON.

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T H E
P R E F A C E
T O T H E
R E A D E R.

TH E Modesty of my Friend being such, that he would not venture into the World alone, and doing me the Favour to think me worthy to usher him into a Critical and Censorious Age, whose good Nature he has no reason to expect more than his Predecessors; I believing the following Piece will please the Judicious and Moderate Reader, and he bashfully unwilling to have his Genius expos'd, have at last so far influenced him as to commit these Sheets to the Press, with an Opinion, that they may give Diversion equal to, if not exceeding what has been written before on the same Kind.

It is divided into Two Dialogues :

The First is the more gravely severe, and a nearer Imitation of Lucian (who is an Author esteem'd by all the Ingenious Worth to be imitated). And all that I think necessary to Advertise the Reader in it, is about the Pre-existence, and often return of the Soul to the World, which has been a receiv'd Opinion amongst the Ancient Poets and some Philosophers, as the Great Pythagoras, and the Greater Virgil, may evince; for on this Basis the latter has built all the incomparable Beauties of his sixth Book of Aeneids,

The Preface to the Reader.

Aeneids, and would have been extreamly Fatigu'd without it, to have brought in that excellent Encomium upon Marcellus, which affected his Mother at the Reading with an Extase of Joy above the Power of her Nature to bear: And on this, Pythagoras founded his Doctrine of Transmigration, which continues to this Day in the Eastern Parts of the World, who were of opinion, That we learn'd not anew, but only by degrees call'd to remembrance what was formerly known to us in the World, when we were in some other Station, and which with the knowledge of the Miseries of Humane Life, the draught of Lethe's Lake had made us forget.

And tho' Lælius and Timon were not Contemporaries here, yet we may suppose them as well acquainted in the Shades below, as Alexander and Hanibal in Lucian; and since he has made them talk of the past Transactions of their Lives, notwithstanding the quaffing of the Lake of Oblivion, the same in my Opinion will hold good for my Friend.

The Second is grounded on that Celebrated Novel of Matchiaville which has hitherto, tho' a bare Narrative, given so much Delight and Satisfaction to all the Learned, nor ought (I think) to be less esteem'd, when thus improv'd to the enlivening Quality of a Dialogue. The Satyr of it, tho in a Comick Dress, will not be judg'd less effectual, by any that shall remember that of Horace, Viz.

*Ridiculum acri
Plenius ac melius magnas plerumq; secatur res.*

T. D'URFEEY.

The First

DIALOGUE

BETWIXT

LELIUS and TIMON of ATHENS.

SCENE, the *Elizium Fields*.

of FRIENDSHIP.

Timon. SO, so, so. — Thanks, ye gracious Powers! that have once more freed me from that sordid Carcass of Mortality, in which I was just now coop'd up, and set me at liberty again to breath at large in these happy *Elizium Fields*: Where Nature appears to the clear sight of new unclouded Reason in all her easy *Plafuness*, divested of that Jargon of Words, and those gaudy *Robes* and *Trappians*, which the weak Brains and contradictory Guesses of the fond *Philosophers* have hid in it above. Hail! happy *Shades* secure, and free from *Ambush* and *Design*, where Villany, Ufury and Treason, and the false Train of inconstant Parasites above so mis-call'd Friend, dare ne're approach, and nothing but what's generous, compassionate, and just, is e're admitted! all hail! But what Noble *Man's* this comes skimming by? — Those glorious Wreaths that circle in his sacred Head, declare him a true, persevering, and faithful Friend. I see now, 'tis the fam'd *Lelius*; Pll accost him. — Generous *Lelius*, have you forgot your old Acquaintance in these happy *Fields*?

Lelius. Who? — Thrice Noble *Timon*? how come you thus soon to us again? You've taken but a short turn in the frail Walk of Life above.

Timon. Not by much so short as I desir'd, I assure you; tho' I rejoyce the damn'd Fatigue is over, and that it will not come to my Lott again this good while. But when Dear *Lelius* are you for those upper Regions? — If you can persuade your old Friend *Scipio* to accompany you, you may make a pleasanter

Voyage than I did, who cou'd not meet with that divine *Idea*, a Friend, in either of my Visits to Mortality. Nor will you, unless you carry him with you from hence.

Lalius. I know not how far the Charms of Friendship might ingage me, were my Dear *Scipio* to return thither; else I find no great inclination to quit these calm Retreats, these blest Abodes; for the tempestuous Ocean of the World, I lik'd it not so well when I was last there, where e'ry thing is subject to the blind governance of Chance, which rarely favours the Nobler *Beings*, but makes the *Brave Man* truckle to the Villain, the Wise and Honest to the Fool, or Knave, where none enjoy the benefits of Life, but such as are not fit to Live. If the base World be alter'd for the better, pray inform me.

Timon. Oh! *Lalius*, I find you baulk'd your Glass at *Lisbe Lake*, you wou'd not else have remembered these inconveniences of Humane Life, but a been thronging for a New Birth into some of those numerous Bodies which Mankind above beget Day and Night without any fear, or consideration. But to answer your Query: I must confess the World is indeed alter'd, but by vast and incredible Degrees, for the worse. For if Villany were sometimes successful in your Age, in this nothing else is. If Honesty and Wisdom were in little esteem then, now they are in *Nom*. If Vertue was then less sought after, 'tis now grown the greatest Scandal. Now from the Crown to the cott, from the Peasant to the Prince, there are not the least footsteps of Honour, Justice, or Moral Honesty. Nay, e'ry individual Man has more subtlety, and designing Cunning, in his own private Affairs, than the greatest Tyrant, or the most famous for *Disimulation* (in which there's not a *Farmer* but excels a *Claudius*) if you'r ever understood in the Administ'ring of the Publick. *Stedfast* Honour (that generous *Idol of Amiquity*) veers now with every Wind of Interest or Ambition, as changeable as the *Chameleon*, or the Poetick *Proteus*; and there are as many differing Notions of this *Plain*, this well-known Excellence, as of Religion.

Lalius. I fear the unparalleled Injuries you receiv'd from the Old *Athenians*, makes you speak thus of all Mankind.

Timon. No, upon my word *Lalius* (for in these *Fields* you may believe me on *ones word*;) my Account reaches not to half the reality, and truth of the present Villany of Mankind. No, no: Were *Athens* with all it's Ingratitude now in being, 'twould be such a Pattern and inimitable Example of Honour and Gratitude, that the present World wou'd never arrive at it. I tell thee *Lalius*, I cannot give so refin'd a Spirit as thee art, who knew not half the less criminal Vices of your own Age, any tolerable Idea of this, where Murder, Treason, and Parricide, find an *Apossefs*, and whose greatest Vertues arrive not at an Excellence of the greatest Vices of Old *Rome*.

Lalius. Where's Religion then? That sacred Tye, that bound the World to Vertue; What's become of that?

Timon. That sacred Name still remains in the World, and nothing but the Name, which makes a mighty Noise and Bustle, and affords as solemn and pompous shew, as the Anti-Feasts of Old, and has no more of Substance.

Lalius. Does the old Opinion of the Plurality of Gods prevail with the vulgar still? The Vulgar, I say, for it never did with the wiser sort.

Timon. That Opinion, however irrational, prevails very far to this day; for if we consider the whole Circumference of the Earth, and all the numerous Nations that dwell on the surface of it, the old Opinion of Plurality of Gods takes up the largest extent; but if we consider only, those parts where the

Roman *Eagles* were known; they are quite of another Opinion; generally all admitting of one only God. But then they differ again in point of Worship, that they make more various Religions for that one God, than we had different Gods for one Religious Worship; and indeed they make Gods of their own Opinion. E'ry one being ready to spend his Substance, nay Life, and all, to force his Neighbour to be of his mind. They are divided into three sorts, *Turks*, *Jews*, and *Christians*. The *Jews* you heard of in your time.

Laelius. An imperfect Account we had of them.

Timon. Why, they are the most Antient of these three great Bodies, and draw, as they say, their Original from the first Man, never altering their Opinion of the Unity of the Godhead, with whom they used to have frequent Converse, and by whom they were promis'd a great *Theatropos* that shou'd deliver them from Thralldom, not of Princes, but of their own deprav'd Appetites, their Avarice, Treachery, Pride, and Sedition. And when this great Deliverer came, they very fairly murdered him; and from this *Theatropos*, it is that the *Christians* derive themselves; I mean their Religion, which is not only compos'd of all the excellent Morals which the Old Philosophers found out in the Law and Dictates of Nature, but several wonderful Mysteries that past my Understanding there, and must my Narration here. These *Christians* now possess old *Rome*, and great part of *Europe*, tho cut and rent into a thousand Sub-divisions, which are more averse to one another, than to the common Enemy of the whole. But notwithstanding all these elevated Precepts of Morality, which they boast are so much improv'd above ours of Old, you shan't find one of theirs arrive to the Practice of the worst of us; if indeed they were follow'd, the Life of Man wou'd be so happy above, that all our blest *Elizium* *Shades* below wou'd be Deserted for it; for it wou'd make a large and general *Amity* amongst Mankind, banishing all Causes of Strife, diffusing an Epidemick Love through the whole Creation; and whereas you formerly confin'd Friendship to the narrow compass of two, or a few; this has made it appear it wou'd, if practis'd, unite the whole World in the strictest Bond of Alliance and Friendship. But as it is, it proves but a Pearl cast before Swine, which no body values or takes notice of, unless to deceive another.

Laelius. Have they no Philosophers and Instructors in this admirable Law, whose excellent Example of the Contempt of the World, Honours, Interest, Strife, and Enmity, transcend *Antiquity*, and are a living Lesson of the Good, and advantage of these wise Institutions?

Timon. O, yes! They have numerous Instructors, but such as least of all follow what they teach; to hear them, wou'd cause a Veneration for them next to a Divinity; but to see their Practice, wou'd breed a Contempt beyond all Expression. There is no Villany forbid, but they will greedily embrace, if interest persuade; and no good commanded but they will more readily abandon, to gratifie their brutal Pride, Luxury, and Revenge. They extol Humility in their Pulpits, but know it not in their Behaviour. They persuade Commiseration for the Misfortunes and Miseries of their Fellow-Creature, as a Duty commanded, and not to be dispensed withal; but are themselves inexorable to the most moving Object. They *Deify* Obedience in their numerous Eulogiums of it, but if it suit not this Ambition, and Violence, they run it into endless Distinctions till they have lost it. They inculcate mutual Love,

and Amity, as the necessary and characteristical Mark of their Profession; yet are the most violent *Houtejens*. They enjoyn Forgiveness of one anothers Injuries as an indispenfable Precept, and arraign Revenge as unpardonable, and an Usurpation on the Province of the Deity, yet never forget the least Offence against themselves, but prosecute an accidental Error with all the Malice of an enraged Revenge. Prudence they have none, aiming

*Qui summum credere nefas Animam praefere pudori
Et propter vitam videndi perdere causas.*

only at Cunning, under that Name. Justice they think Folly to practice in any Concern, where they have any Profit: Fortitude is an Antiquated Vertue, which they tell of Primitive Gentlemen that were stock'd with soas to contemn Life and Torments, rather than to

forsake their receiv'd Opinion of Truth; but the Examples are so old, that they look, almost like our Golden Age, and are quite out of use; there being no greater Cowards in nature as to Passive Fortitude, and will rather veer with e'ry Wind that blows than let their Spouses have a Knot less on their Commodities. And as for Temperance, *Epicure* was a Stoic to the most Moderate; in their Diet and Ease, they transcend, in proportion to their capacities ev'n *Heliogabal's*, or the greatest Gluttons of the old or new World. Thus you see they have no one of those Vertues that were known to the Antients; nor are they more stock'd with those peculiar to themselves, which they call Theological, as Faith, Hope, and Charity, words which neither you nor I can understand no more than they possess.

Lalius. If their Teachers are thus, sure their Followers must think their whole pretence a Farce or Cheat.

Timon. Truly they generally are of that Opinion, and therefore the greatest Pretenders to it are most commonly the greatest Villains. For I know not by what Witchery it comes to pass, that none of all the Race, either Hearer, or Teacher, have or believe any thing of the Matter; yet the Major part of those same People shall be gull'd with a pious Cant, a precise Look, or any other Religious Vifor.

Lalius. Dear *Timon*, we have had enough of these *Christians*, and sure there can be no worse among the other Sects of Mankind?

Timon. You are in the right. For the *Turk*, if his Moral Precepts are not so Refin'd and Excellent, yet he practises abundantly more; and I am persuaded, if they had the Doctrine of the other without their Commerce (for that does corrupt where-ever it comes) they wou'd arrive to a pitch of Happiness.

Lalius. But I have neglected one Question, which more nearly hits my humour: Is there no Friendship among any there? Are there no *Pylades*, and *Orestes*, no *Thiseus* and *Perithous*, no *Achilles* and *Patroclus*, no *Damon* and *Pythius*? Or in short, no *Scipio* and *Lalius*, famous for their Faith and Loyalty to one another, which no Fortune nor Distress cou'd seperate or destroy?

Timon. O, yes Sir; there are abundance of Friendships in the present World betwixt all Sexes; the Men have their friends Male and Female; but with this Difference, they keep neither any longer than their Pleasure, or Profit prevails, which is seldom long. If you have Plenty, you shall not want Friends that shall care and admire you above all Mankind; but then they are like Shadows, they all vanish at the first Cloud that obscures the Sun of your good Fortune; or if any stick to you, 'tis no longer than there is some hopes that

that you may once retrieve your lost Glory: Nay, if you raise a Worm, a little reptile Animal, that w'd like the Serpent to eat the dust of the ground, if (I say) you should raise such an Out-cast to be your Bosom Friend, and give him all that is delightful or desirable to Mankind, yet if the least Storm threatens you, he shall betray you to your Ruine. So that tho' you have never so nice an Idea of Friendship, and reduce it to Practice either with the Illustrious, or the Ignoble, with those that Birth and Education shou'd have taught the Noble Principles of Honour, or those that have not had the advantage of great Parents, but might be thought through the Dictates of Nature, to be won by the highest Obligations, you will find there is scarce one in a thousand Millions that is worthy your Love.

Lalius. You give me a Character of the present World from the past Injuries you receiv'd, and the Villanous Returns the *Athenians* made you for all those Generous Services you did them, and your Country. But, I hope in this turn into the World, you avoided those Inconveniences which you knew before proceeded from too Noble a Temper, and a too excessive a Liberality.

Timon. Tho those incredible Ingratitudes, of my old Country-men of *Greece*, might perhaps prevail with another less generous, and brave, to condemn all Man-kind for ever for their sakes, as I did in my angry mood, in my Epitaph; yet I do assure you, that I represent them very short of their Deserts; and the *Athenians* were but Dwarfs in Ingratitude and Selfishness to the present World. Tho the Memory of their villainies to me rendred my Abode here very uneasy for many Centuries, which made me at last resolve to drink of *Lethe-Lake* to forget them, that I might not disquiet my self any more about them; but as I had the Water in my mouth, I began to reflect, that if I should wholly forget them, I might in my Return to the World incur the same Misfortunes again, and therefore I let but a drop or two go down, and spured out the rest again. So keeping my Resolution to be as Selfish as any, and to give nothing, unless I had almost a certainty of getting twice as much by it; I enter'd at last into a Body that was just come to a ripeness to receive a Soul, and as 'tis a Lottery to us, you know what Body we are convey'd into; so I found too late that I was born an *English Man*, and as I grew up, I found that Opinion by Experience verifi'd, *That the Organs and Constitutions of the Body form the Inclinations of the Mind*. For spite of all my former Resolutions, I began to imbibe the pernicious Opinion, That none was born for himself only; and that there was nothing more worthy a *Man*, or indeed made nearer Approaches to *Divinity*, than to redress the Misfortunes of my *Fellow-Creatures*, shielding off Ruine from those in Distress.

Among the rest of my beloved Follies, reading your Examples, and those of old *Greece*, fam'd in the *Schools* for Friendship; I fell into a ridiculous Opinion, That it was possible for me to cull out some Dear *Pylades* or *Scipio*, to build up that Chymera of a Pleasure call'd Friendship. Nor cou'd I then imagine, I cou'd pursue a surer Tract to find that Noble *Phanix*, than in the Circle of the Sciences, which generally inform'd the minds of their Adorers with more refin'd and generous Principles than the groveling Souls of the ignorant part of Mankind ever rise to, believing their elevated Beings to be above those little selfish Tricks of the crafty Designing part of the humane Emmets. But in such a one to shew you the extremity of the less perfect, I'll give you a short touch of his prevarications.

The agreeableness of our Inclinations I laid for the *Basis* of our *Amity*, you allowing no prospect of Advantage, and Interest in these Associations; and as I desir'd and expected, he first stood in need of *me*. Liberty is the Idol of all Men; that I gave him with the hazard of my own; and *Life* it self he ow'd to my Sword and Purse: Nor cou'd Fortune (envious as she is at the success of the Ingenious) cast more Distresses on him, than my Friendship did *unask'd*, Endeavour to hinder him from, as long as my Abilities remain'd: But no sooner had my Generosity to Others reduc'd me to want the returns of a Friend, but he grew faint in the Noble Course, and repay'd my past Services with *odd, long, strange, needless, base Put-offs*, monstrous Protestations, without any Effect, and Promises without any Preferment. Extravagantly kind in Words when I ask'd nothing, but wretchedly and beyond measure penurious in *Action* when intreated. An Inferiour and Impudent fellow shou'd succeed, when the modest Importunities of his Friend were fruitless. Behold in a word, the Difference betwixt us. The least occasion was sufficient for me to throw my Favours without being ask'd (as you in your divine *Rules* prescribe) and the greatest and most extraordinary Emergency, too little to make him remember a Promise.

Laelus. By this Account I find the World is indeed much alter'd for the worse; for in *Athens* of Old the Senate and People had ruin'd and condemn'd *Callicias*, for not assisting his poor Friend *Aristides*, if by the Testimony of him he had not satisfy'd the Publick, that *Aristides's* Poverty was owing to his own abstemious Inclinations, not his base Deserting of him in his Distress.

Timon. Ah! if *Athens* had been always of that mind, how many of my *quondam* Parasites had been hang'd?

Laelus. But perhaps, Good *Timon*, you weigh'd not well your Man before you made your Choice. For as the Offices of Friendship are reciprocal, so neglect shewing want of Love, was a just Cause of Change, without that ignominious imputation of Levity. For as I asserted, 'tis no casie matter to find out One that is fit Matter to make a Friend of.

Timon. Oh! during my better days, none more ready in returning all the superficial and little Offices that cost nothing, or at least no more than he was sure of again; but when Fortune had cut off present Hopes, all his kindnesses were procrastinated, till a more lucky hour; nor wou'd he part even with Words to raise me from Distress.

These Faults may perhaps *Laelus*, seem Villanous enough to you, yet compar'd with others, the Dog was a *Charabim*. For tho he assist'd me not, he wou'd not depress me farther; tho he prefer'd not my obliging Love and generous Services to a Whore, and a Bottle, yet he betray'd me not; and tho he'd rather let me perish than speak for me, yet he wou'd not cut my Throat himself. Thus Noble *Laelus*, you have seen the *Mirror* of Friendship in the present World above; I desire you wou'd give me some Idea of it as in your Time, since both my Visits thither have never given me the delight of half a Friend. I have indeed read fine Storys of 'em in *Romances*, and the Historys of the Old *Romans* and *Grecians*, but at last concluded them to be only the Gay Children of Imagination, pleasant in Speculation, but never to be brought to use.

Laelus. But is the Iron Age so establish'd that there is no Remains of Friendship, no Acts of Kindness from one to another?

Timon,

Timon. Yes, yes, there is a Temporary Friendship yet in the World, that lasts as long as the hot Blood of Youth continues; but then it consists not in Vertue, nor among Vertuous Persons, as you require, but in Pimping for one another, in being in Rakeshelly Exploits together, in spending the Day in Gaming and Intreagues, and the Night in Lewdness, and Drinking together till both are drunk. You may Pimp for a Friend, nay, and fight for him, but where it comes to pinch upon your Pocket, there the greatest Friend *Mony* is prefer'd to the other call'd *Man*. So that your Sentiment, that Friendship could be among none but the Vertuous, is now quite inverted; for they cease to be Friends as soon as either takes to Sobriety and Vertue. Of these Friends every place swarms, not a Tavern, Coffee-house, or Stews, but is full of them. Nay, there are another sort of Friends too, that if you have a pretty Wife, shall endear themselves to you to have the better Admittance to her to make you a Cuckhold; or if you have a fine Daughter, shall omit nothing of the Formalities of a real Friend, till he has debauch'd her: If you have a *She-Relation* that is a *Fortune*, you will not want Friends that will buy her of you, and stand by you with their Life and Fortune till the Job is done. If you are a young Heir, you will not be desolate of the dearest protesting Creatures that seem to have learnt the Dissimulation and Deceit of Harlots, who will never forsake you; and if short kept by the Avarice of a Father, will not let you want Mony, if you will but pay 'em for their kindness in a *stifled obligation*. So that Dear *Lalius*, you must not mistake me, for the World was never stock'd better with Friends; but those Friends are all Villains, all Sycophants, Cheats, Pimps, and Usurers. Generosity and Honour they understand no more than Arts and Sciences.

Lalius. Your Account of the present State of the World, proves evidently that what I formerly thought was not without great reason, that there can be no true Friendship where Vertue is wanting. For you give an Account to me of a meer Chaos of Confusion and Villany, and not of a World where Men with immortal Souls, and the light of Nature, improv'd as they pretend, in Habit; and *Greece* with all the punishments it has plac'd in Hell, has not provided sufficient for the *Luxuriency* of the Villanies of this latter World, where Faith, Integrity, and Liberality, void of Avarice or Lust, the solid Basis and Foundation of that Cœlestial Prerogative of a Rational Being *Friendship*, are no where to be found; but Pride and Rapacious Desire, generates continual Feuds, and Anarchical Confusion. No, my unfortunate *Timon*, I'll ne'r forsake these dear *Shades*, blest with the presence of my Noble and Generous *Scipio*, for so base and servile a World. But if Strangers have no Friendship for one another, I mean such as are not related by Blood; I presume among Kindred, there may be found some Pairs of Friends: For Nature, the best directrix of Humane Life, has establish'd in her sacred Laws a Friendship among them, as she has in several Degrees among all Mankind. For our Country-men are nearer to us than Foreigners, or Fellow-Citizens, yet nearer, and Relation nearest of all, according to their several Degrees of Alliance.

Timon. Perhaps these might be the Sentiments of yours; but now I assure you, the Opinion, or at least Practice of the World is quite contrary; for you are so much the farther from a Friend, as you are nearer a Kin, and a Stranger shall find Success when a near Relation shall be deny'd: A For-
reigner

reign'd be courted, admired, and caref'd, when a Country-man, or Fellow Citizen shall starve with twice his Merits. A Child be turn'd out of door for an unknown Vassal to take his place, and starve whilst his Fathers Servants live like Princes; and *vera est concordia fratrum*, your Brother shall besure to ruine or destroy you, to make himself: Nay, the Child shall betray his own Father, if he can but get by it, and Mothers that us'd to dote upon what they bore, and have a tender regard to their own Off-spring, shall cast 'em off without the least Compassion to receive an Adversary, and Gallant. You would imagine, if you beheld the Transactions of every Family, it were a Bedlam, or rather a more Criminal place, where every one is Catching and Proving for himself, with continual Feuds, and eternal Quarrels; and this is that Friendship which you say Nature her self establishes. I pray you therefore generous *Laelius*, to tell me what Friendship is in your Opinion.

Laelius. Friendship I always took to be as I ever practis'd it with *Scipio*; A firm and absolute Consent and Agreement in all things both Divine and Humane, join'd with the greatest Charity or Love, and Benevolence, or Good Will, demonstrat'd in frequent and generous Offices to one another; nor do I think Heaven it self has bestow'd any greater Blessing on Mankind excepting Wisdom. That was just the Idea I fram'd of it, but I find by Experience, there is never two in one Age to make up one pair of such Friends; which if there were, nothing certainly were to be prefer'd to 'em.

Laelius. There were those in my time too that did prefer Riches, Health, Power, and Honours to it, nor were we without some Brutal Minds that thought Pleasures more desirable. But certainly, they were not a little in the wrong, for the first were the Proprieties of *Fortuna*, more than of our own Industry, and of a frail and fading Nature; and as for the last, they were only Emulators of the Beasts, who enjoy'd those Delights in a more elevated manner than any of them; not considering that Friendship afforded the most solid and lasting Pleasure. Nor were we without some sceptical Gentlemen, who for a cloak to love none but themselves, plac'd all their Delight (as they pretended) in Virtue, as their *Symposium bonum*: Whereas that very Virtue they idoliz'd, is the Mother of the Friendship I contend for, since I have laid it for a Fundamental Maxime, That none but the Vertuous can be true Friends; nor am I able to set forth the incredible Advantages Friendship has among such Men. For what Man living is there that cannot repose himself in the mutual Good Will of his Friend? What is there so delightful? What so charming, as to have one with whom you can as freely Discourse all your Concerns as in your own Thoughts? Where wou'd be the mighty Fruit of Prosperity, if you had not one that shou'd rejoyce with you, and take as much Satisfaction in it as your self? And Misfortunes wou'd be almost insupportable, if we had not a Friend that shou'd bear 'em with greater Regret than ones self. In short, all other Goods which we hunt after and desire, are stinted to their several particular Advantages, *Riches* for use, *Power* that you may be fear'd or courted, *Honours* that you may have the Applauses of the Vulgar, and *Pleasure* that you may Rejoyce, and *Health* that you may be free from Grief, and perform the Functions of your Body; but Friendship is of general

general use; nor can you turn your Thought to any thing where you will not find it necessary; 'tis never out of season, nor ever impertinent and troublesome; nor is Water, Air, or Fire, of greater necessity than Friendship in all places, and in all times; for it heightens good Fortune, and alleviates bad by Communication with a Partner. Whoever beholds a true Friend, receives as it were another Self, and is present with the absent, has Plenty in Distress, and Health in Sickness, and that which is most surprizing, survives his own Funeral. This was the Blessing that made me value Life, nor without it do I think, should the *Golden Age* return, and the Native Innocence of Mankind with it, and *Astraea* once more Visit the Earth, I should desire to live again; unless *Scipio*, my *Scipio*, were to be with me in the same Noble Bond of Friendship.

Timon. As there is little hopes of the Return of Justice and Peace to the World, so I conclude you will endeavour to remain where you are: and behold, yonder approaches on all the Wings of Generous Love, your Illustrious *Scipio*.

Lelius. Whom with as much eagerness I will meet, whilst the mad, senseless World above, are ignorant of our Bliss, and continue their incorrigible Follies.

Timon. He's gone, and now nothing is wanting to complete my Happiness but such a Friend; but yonder I see the Ghost of my honest old Steward who serv'd me at *Athens*, nor forsook me with the rest; him I will select for my Companion, to wear out Eternity with, without adventuring any more into the World.

The End of the First Dialogue.

The Second

DIALOGUE

SCENE, Hell.

The SESSIONS of CUCKOLDS.

Lucifer. **H**Old! Porter, shut the Gates of this our August Court, that we may not be thus throng'd. Let no more come in, till we have clear'd the Bench of these Numbers we have before us already.

Porter. Mighty Emperor, your Commands shall be obey'd.

Lucif. Now, my Noble Lords, let we our selves to search and examine what of late Years brings daily such Gluts, and Spring-Tides of Souls to our Infernal Mansions, especially at this time when neither War, Famine, nor Plague, are abroad in the upper World, or at least in that part of it from whence I observe most of this gang arrive; *Europe* I mean, if there were War, twou'd be no wonder so many were damn'd, the Liberties of the Sword surprize enough in their sins to throng our Courts of Justice; nor is the Plague without Advantages for us that way; the few that have Spiritual Relief in such contagious and quickly destroying Distempers, increase our Crop: and the general Cruelty of Mankind is such, that in Famine, those that have will keep for Themselves and their Doggs, and let the rest of their own Species perish, without so much as a pitying Look; and this makes many *ATHEISTS* in their Wants, and does that without our intigation which we cou'd not persuade *JOB* to do, that is, *Curse God, and die.*

But, my Lords, when none of these our Loyal Vassals are abroad, 'tis not strange that I am to seek in the cause of this great Concourse at our Tribunal;

and therefore that *Virtue*, for want of Reward and due Praise, may not slacken, we will examine to what industrious Friend we owe this unexpected Success. *Whencefore, you Minion Devils, and Under-Officers of our Court*, bring them in order to the Bar, and let no Devil of Honour that has past that inferior Office of touching the *Uncleanness of Humanity*, defile himself with too near an Approach to any of them.

Here several Lacquey-Devils and Porter-Devils, with the rest of the Mob of Hell, bring on the first Bain to the Bar in Italian Garbs.

Speak Criminal. Whence art thou? Of what Nation, Quality, or Condition in the World? And what's the Happy cause of thy coming hither?

Ghost. First *Signior*, adjust some Points in Dispute, which highly concern the Honour of our Country, and the *Dignity* of Good Breeding; and I shall for all this Noble Train that follow me, answer to your *Devilships Queries*. Coming to the Confines of your flourishing Empire, we were met by some of the Officers of this Honourable Assembly who gave us safe Conduct to your Royal Presence; But, just now entering into these Lists confronted us a company of paltry Scoundrels, and press'd for Precedence, swearing that as they were *Englishmen*, they ought to take place of all that were damn'd for *cuckolds*: We urg'd our Title in *Heraldry*, that we ought to take place of all Nations, being the Successors of the once Masters of the Universe. But they were deaf to Reason here, as well as in the *World*, and one swore *D—me, B—d, and Z—ns*, another Curs'd all round the Compass; and in this Volly of Mouth-Granado's, one very demure Gentleman prest by *Yes and Nay*, that we were in the Wrong. And had it not been for this Honourable Devil here that is a Friend to our Nation, we had been worm'd out of our Birth-right by the *Arse and Refuse* of the World: *Er'panisus, tunc divisos orbe Britannos*; as our Noble Country-man has it, Dogs shut out of Doors from all the rest of Mankind. I therefore appeal to this thrice excellent Senate, and you the *Right and most Reverend Dogs* to redress this Affront.

Lucif. Hey day! What, has not Hell yet brought you to your Senses, that you can think that we Devils are such Sots to trouble our Heads about the ridiculous whims of Ceremonious Mankind? But since they were to Obstreperous to make a Disturbance in Hell, they shall be the last heard: Therefore proceed to the Question.

Ghost. An't please your thrice puissant Devilship, Noble Signior, I was coming to that point: Therefore to be brief (for I love not Prolixity) I am, Sir, an Italian by Nation, and a Noble-Man by Quality. My own Vanity, and ill Chance, gave me a pretty Wife, and my Honour made me choose her of an *Illustrious House*; but she prov'd *Lewd and Prodigal*; the Natural Issue of *Beauty and High-birth*, my dotage on her Charms had bred in me such a fond, blind, uxorious Vice (which my country-men are seldom guilty of,) that I was almost ruin'd before I found I was betray'd. But travelling toward *Genova*, I met the Spark, my pretended Friend, on the Road to my Dwelling; I seemingly pass'd on my way, but in the Night return'd unexpected, and surpriz'd 'em all: And therefore as my Honour bid me, I murder'd him, and baked him in a Pyc, and (ingeniously in my Revenge) swore she should eat no other Food but her Lover; the Craft she a while did eat; but one day having prepared a *Stellato*, as Supper she dispatched me thus to your thrice Noble and *Illustrious Devilship*.

Lucif.

Luc. Very well! and worthy thou art of such a punishment that couldst not forgive Beauty a gentle slip of that Nature thou hadst thy self so often transgress'd that way. Speak the next.

2 *Ghost.* I am also an *Italian*; and observing a Gentleman often ogling my Wife, which she did not a little encourage, I sent a *Bravo* to dispatch him (for we *Italians* do not love to lose *Revenge in the Face our selves*) but the Rogue of a *Bravo* won by my Wife, and by a greater Sum of Money of my Adversaries, comes back to me, and cuts my Throat: And this most Noble *Signior* is most of our cases, our Wives have given us the casting-throw for *Damnation*.

Luc. You, the rest of this Malignant Train; is this true that your Wives have sent you hither?

Omnes. Yes, yes, we have all had Wives. — All the Plagues of *Egypt* let us undergo, but no Wives, we most humbly beseech your most Noble Devilship.

Luc. Prayers are in vain, Transgressions are to be punish'd by the same way they are committed; nor must you be your own Carvers here in *Hell*, Gentlemen; away with them down into Cuckolds-Cave, Ten thousand Fathom deeper than the Whore-Masters, and next the keeping Cullys, and let each have two Wives to torment him.

Omnes. O Wives! Wives!

[They are removed off, and others brought on.

Luc. Proceed to the next Band. Say what were you in the World, and what dear Sin brought you to this place?

Spanish Ghost. Great Prince of *Darkness* and Lord of the greatest part of *Mankind*, may it please your *Catholic Majesty*, I was by my worldly State and Condition, a *Spanish Grandee* of the first *Magnitude*, rich as Fortune, and an indulgent Prince well could make me (for your Devilship must know our King is but a Sheep for us to Fleece when we please, which we do in all places, letting his Souldiers and inferiour Servants starve) happy, till too much Success was my undoing; for by that I gain'd the Lady I lov'd, and so in one unhappy word was Marry'd. 'Tis tedious to repeat the Injuries I receiv'd from the ingrateful Fair, who after all to make room for another, sent me away (like an *Italian* as she was) in all my Sins, with a poisonous Draught.

Luc. Is the same your Fate, you the rest of this besotted Crew, that have met with just Punishment from one part of your selves, for preferring your private Grandure before the Service of your King, and Honour of your Country?

Omnes. Yes, yes; Thirst of Honour and Wealth made us cheat the King, that drew down the Judgment of Wedlock, and that brought us to this long Home and Feind of Matrimony.

Luc. Away with these, and drive 'em out of their Snails pace.

[A tatter'd Ghost comes forward.

Ghost. Just may be their Punishment, most Noble Devil; but why shoud I be condemn'd to *Winning*, who was so far from cheating the King, that I could never get my Due of him, and being a Gentleman born, never did any thing below my Extraction, and have went without a Meal many a time, rather than degrade my self to get one: And tho I could arrive to it no otherways, yet kept up my part still in stately Walk, and my Waller, tho I had no Bread for either, or a Shirt to my back?

Luc. Since thy own Folly made thee Marry, 'tis now too late to prate: you must away with the rest.

[They

[*They are all carry'd off, and others brought on.*]
Bring the next to the Bar: Declare the cause of your *diserv'd* Damnation; my Life on't these dapper Sparks are in for *cakes* and *Ale* too: the very Air of their Faces speaks them CUCKOLDS.

French Ghost. Sir, May it please your most Victorious Majesty, *Vostre Esclave*, is a *French-man* by Birth, and a Leader of the *Moss Christian Kings*, most Magnanimous Forces: And whilst I with my *Commisisoners* was reaping *Lawrels* in the Field of *Renown*, and engaging the Enemy abroad, my Lady Wife (as most of our *French Wives* will, for having once tasted the Sweets of Love, they'll never have done till they have undone us one way or other) my Lady Wife, I say, was engaging with a Friend at Home, who very genteely gave her the *Pox*, which I at my return, like a gay *Cavalier* of a Husband, receiv'd of her as genteely without Rebuke, it being no matter of Scandal with us. But *Madam Moisselle Pox* proving, a very *Virago*, gave me a damn'd thrust in *Quarto*, and sent me hither in *Decimo Sexto*, *Mon Seigneur*.

Luc. You, the rest speak.

Omnes. We are all *French-men*, and therefore you need not doubt the cause, the *Pox*, and our *Wives*, *Ma foy*.

Luc. Away with them: They'll make a Fire by themselves, or will serve instead of *Small-Coal* to kindle others; for they are half burnt out already. Place 'em next the Spaniard. The next there speak.

[*They are carry'd off, more brought on.*]
German Ghost. I am by Nation a *German*, and by Damnation a Husband, a Cuckold, or what you please; for I hate to mince the Matter with a long Preamble, when a Word to the Wife is enough.

Luc. Very well, you the rest speak.

Omnes. Ev'n so, an't please your Imperial Devil-ship: whilst we drank and fought against the *Turk*, our Wives Whor'd with the *Christians*. O Wives! Wives!

Luc. Away with them into the hottest, for their Carcasses are so soak'd with Liquor, that they'll put out an ordinary Fire; you the next speak.

[*They are carried off, others brought on.*]
Dutch Ghost. Gads Sacrament, I am a Member, or rather two Members of the *Hogen Mogen Common-wealth of Europe*. Two Members I say, for I am a Member govern'd, and a Member governing: for the People with us and in all such Common-wealths, are both Subjects and Masters, govern Laws, and govern'd by the same.

Luc. Your Country's name then is Contradiction: Is it not?

Ghost. Contradiction to *Monarchy*, tho' set up by some *Monarchs* to spite others: but to your question Old *Tarpaulian*, whilst I was getting Money, and drinking Punch and Brandy, to hearten me for the Noble Combats of *Snick* or *Snet*, or some illustrious Sea-fight, or some generous undertaking at the *Island of Formosa* (for a true Dutch-man never fights without his head full of Brandy) my Wife made it fly like *Suterkins* at home: at last she made me turn Bankrupt, and Cheat my Creditors, and so dying I came with a *full Sail*, and a brisk Gale into your Port.

Luc. You the rest speak.

Omnes. For our Wives, O *Sutterkin Hogen*, our Wives, whose Broad built Bulks set Boistrous Billows Bear.

Luc.

Luc. Away with them into the Den of Anarchy and Confusion, below the Founders of *Rabel*. [They are carried off.]

Abundance of English Bands come forward.

Luc. Numerous Crew, answer me, what has brought you into this Kingdom? and what you were in the World?

Here a Ghost of a Beau speaks to another of the same Character

1. B. G. D—me, *Jack*, didst ever hear so silly, and impertinent a Question? as if Marriage was not the only cause of Damnation? [*Aside.*]

2. B. G. R—t me *Ned*, as thou sayest, I never heard a Country Justice ask more *Mala propos*: but the Devil's an Ass, and so let him pass.

The first of the first Band answers the Devil.

I am an English Man, who after I had been a notorious Cuckold, was persuaded by my Wife, to fight the Man that made me so, and was fairly kill'd for satisfaction, as all this Band that follow me were; and we are damn'd for Fools as well as Cuckolds.

Omnis. 'Tis too true, Honour and Wedlock have been our Ruin.

Luc. Away with them into Fools Paradise below the keeping Callies, as the more unpardonable Monisters.

They are carried off, and as the next come in, the Beaus speak.

1. B. G. D—me, *Ned* didst ever know such Fools as they, that could not be satisfied to live Cuckolds, but must dye so too with a Witness. [*Aside.*]

2. B. G. R—t me *Jack*, if ever I was of that fighting Humour, nor did I ever fight but once, and then forc'd to it: but my *flays* sav'd my Life, and I wore my Glove that was cut in the Rancounter as long as 'twould hang on my hand; therefore tho' I knew Sir Roger *All-fight* kiss'd my Wife: yet as long as I could sup at the *Rose*, and break the Drawers head if he made not haste, or brought bad Wine, or so, gad I let him kiss her and welcome. [*Aside.*]

1. B. G. S—nk me, *Ned*, I was always of thy Mind as long as I could flutter abroad in my Glass Coach, have my Diamond Snuff-Box full of *Orangerie*, or *Roderigo*, &c. D—me if I car'd a rush who rid in my Saddle. But mark that formal Coxcomb is going to speak: Lord how fine a thing it is to be a Man of Wit, and what a singular figure he makes! but hark, old Gray-beard begins. [*Aside.*]

Luc. Speak you the next.

Ghost. I was a Man of Quality, of the same Country, but my Fortune being in my youth run out, in *France* for breeding, and in *England* by keeping; I thought in my riper years to retrieve all by marrying a *City Heiress*; but she had by Nature so much of the Mother in her, that by Intreaguing and Equipage, she soon brought me into a worse Condition than before: so that as my last refuge, I was feign to turn *Plotter*, and being discover'd, was loppt shorter by the head, as all this honourable Tribe that follows me were.

Luc. Away with 'em.

They are carry'd off, and as the next are bringing to the Bar the Beaus Discourse again.

1. B. G. D—me, *Ned*, this was a worse Fool than 't'other.

2. B. G. R—t me, *Jack*, vous avez raison: for I always lov'd to keep my self out of the Jeopardy of *Allian*: *Jack*, I'd talk Treason, or so: sort my self with the disaffected, and blow up the Coals of their discontent, or so: but for Engagements, Covenants, Conditions, and unlawful Assemblies, gad they must pardon me. [*Aside.*]

1. B. G. Z———ns, *Ned*, thou and I were always one Man; I could rail at the Magistrates, pen a *Lampoon*, or at least convey it to *Julian*, give penny Pyes to the Mob to make a noise, *Ridicule the Transactions of the Government*, and give squinting *Reflections on the King*, that was my *in plus ultra*; for all that I can see, we are in the best case still *Ned*; but now our Band advances, let us press forward or our Cause may fail. [Aside.]

2. B. G. Hell and Damnation, all's lost; for look yonder, that conceited Cockcomb my Lord *Flippant*, presuming on his *Quality*, has taken upon him to be our Chief, and Spooks-man. [Aside.]

1. B. G. S——nk me *Ned*, so say I: I never knew a conceited Man, but he was a Fool; but let's hear, we may put in an *Appeal*, or a *Writ of Error* afterward, or award *Judgment*, if our cause be ill handled. [Aside.]

O! what an admirable thing it is to be a Man of Parts?

Luc. Speak thou fluttering Fool for the rest of this thy *Pea-Cock Gang*.

Lord Flippant's Ghost. D——me, Sir, I have been a Man of the Town, or rather a Man of Wit, and have been confess'd a *Beau*, and admitted into the Family of the *Rakehellions*: And D——me, Sir, I think I am much under that *Dilemma* at present.—— I was learn'd in the ingenious Art of *Dum-forming*; a Wit I said, *Dear Devil* I was, and it lay as a Gentlemans shou'd, most in Lewdness and Atheism. I marry'd in jest, or a frolick, which you please, but as I thought a Fortune (*got by Cullys*) I was made a Cuckold in earnest; tho' that was no great grievance to me, since it only made me in the Mode: nor cou'd I expect any better, since I knew she was a Whore before I had her, but 'twas with my Betters, and so I was content her Money shou'd pass currant with me, where her Reputation would not; but *sharping* was her best *Quality*, and *Gaming* her greatest *Parimony*; and she set up a *Basket Table*, and whilst I was at the *Groom-Porters* throwing a-main, she wou'd be sure to let me at home with a pair of *Horns*: I seldom coming to my Apartment, but I met some *Cully Nobleman* or other; but that which was worst, she still had a *Keave* in her Mouth, or an *Alpue* in her Tail, that carry'd away all the gain: whilst I was at *Wits coffee-house*, fastned in *Controversy* or *Pottick Rhapsodies*, tho' I had neither Religion nor Learning; she was sure of me 'till Play-time, and then too: for at five, come *Dick*, says I (to a Brother of the *Orange*, and *Cravat-string*) D——me, let's to the Play: R——t me, says she, 'tis a dull one: D——me, says I, I value not the Play, my Province lyes in the Boxes, ogling my Half Crown away, or running from *side Box* to *side Box*, to the inviting *Incognitos* in black Faces, or else wittily to cry out aloud in the Pit, &c. *Bough*, or *Boyto*, and then be prettily, and sever'd by the rest of the *Wits* in the same *Notes*, like Musical Instruments tun'd to the same pitch: And whilst I was thus *generously* employ'd, my *consort* had her retreat of *Quality* to be provided of what I fail'd in. From the Play to the *Rejs*, where we drank till four or break of Day, from thence to Bed, where we lay till four or five again, so in *infinitum*:

1. B. G. D——me *Jack*, didst ever hear a Sott spoil a good Tale in the telling so.

2. B. G. Z——ns, *Ned*, we're undone through this Scoundrels Ignorance and Nonsense: Shall I speak.

1. B. G. R——tt me, if thou wilt, thou may'st; but I am sure I could make more of it: For tho' thou art a Man of Wit, and a good Judge of *Poetry*, and all that, yet R——tt me *Jack*, *Oratory* is thy blind side.

2. B. G.

2 B. G. D—me, Sir, don't put upon your Friends; For I have been bred at the *University*, and think my self as good a Judge as you or any Man a-live: And Sir, were we out of the Court, I believe you wou'd not thus have abus'd me.

1 B. G. Nay, D — me, *Ned*, now thou art unjust to this Friend: R—tt me, to Quarrel for't, I acknowledg'd thee a Man of Parts, *Ned*, and all that.

Luc. Away with the *Gay Sotts*, and because I have no Plagues in Hell equal to their Deserts, let them be a *Torment* to one another. Away with them.

[As they are carrying off, the *Queen's* Discourse.]

1 B. G. Well *Ned*, shall I speak before it be too late; you may depend on my Excellence in *Oratory*: 'Tis my Talent. I never writ *Billet-Deux* in my Life; but it prevail'd with the cruel Nymph: And de ye think I can't with the *Devil*? I'll persuade him out of his seven Senses Man: D—me, I'll make it appear to him, that he is a *God*, and all that Man; R—tt me *Ned*, be not obstinate.

2 B. G. Z—ns, Sir, no more of that strain. Sir, you'r a Coxcomb. What doubt my Universal Parts?

[They are all carry'd off.]

Luc. You with such a busy Face, speak what you are.

Here abundance of Cits. in various Dresses, come forward.

Cit. Ghost. An't please your Infernal Majesty, I was a Right Worshipful Citizen of London, that famous *Metropolis* of England; and I have born all the honourable Employments of the same, ev'n to *Sheriff* and *Lord Mayor*: I was long of the Court of *Aldermen*, and one of the chief *Spokes-men* of the *Common Council*: I made *Speeches*, and pen'd most of the *Addresses*; But 'tis not for being a *Cushold* alone, or that I was feign to cheat so many to maintain my Wives *Pride* and *Luxury*, that I am damn'd with this Right Worshipful Crew here; for those are Crimes common to the rest of our Brother *Citizens*, as well as us; but we were so mad to marry second Wives, and for their sakes turn our Children out of doors, after we had bred them up in all the Ease and *Luxury* of the Age, to seek their Fortunes in the *wild world*, and left our Estates to our Wives at our Death, who will be sure to bestow them on some Silly, *Hectoring Spend-thrift Bully* of *Assasia*, or other, and let the Children begot of our own Bodies starve.

Luc. Away with that Rank Gang of Fools as well as Knaves, who con'd so much forget Nature, and it's necessary and known Laws, as to cast off their own Off-spring, to give away their Substance to those that will not only misuse it, but contemn the Memory of them that were their Benefactors, with so great an Injury to Nature.

2 *Citt*. May it please your *Noble Devilship*, to hear me before you give Judgment upon us; and I don't doubt *seriously*, but I shall offer such Reasons of our Behaviour in that Matter, as shall sufficiently move that Ignominy your *Devilship* was pleas'd to cast upon us. First then, tho' it be true that upon my Marriage, I agreed with my *second good Spouse* to turn all my Children out of door; yet I did it not, till she or I had found some just cause so to do; for some of them were undutiful, and others put Tricks upon me (as my good Wife said,) and others were *Lewd* and *Extravagant*, and some *Self-will'd*; so that I deserted none of 'em without some *Fault*. If they were undutiful, was I to blame to punish 'em for it? Or was it my Duty to keep and maintain them after they were of sufficient bigness to prog for themselves? The *Birds* and *Beasts* take care of their

Young, no longer than till they are able to care for themselves? And why shou'd Man be confin'd to more severe Laws in that Point than his Vassal Creatures? I must profess, *on the word of a Citizen*, that I can see no reason why a Man that gets his Estate himself, may not give it away to whom he pleases, and none so near and deserving, as the Wife of ones *Bosom*. What tho' she may have *Slips*, the *Whiberys* and *Temptations* of Love are great to their *Soft Sex*; and if we have been so employ'd in getting, that we cou'd not mind that other business, why shou'd we blame them for easing us by other Supplies, where we wanted Power to give them.

Luc. Thou hast spoken as much to the purpose as when in the World thou us'd Harangue at the choice of a Sheriff: And therefore I shall proceed to a singular Punishment for you. Your Argument of punishing your Children for their undutifulness turns here on your own Head; for there you punish them for what you breed 'em up to your selves; for when they are little, you encourage their Impudence: And that is a witty Child with you, that can prate saucily and lewdly before he can read, and Swear, and catch the Maids by it before seven Years Old; and then when you have given them their Head without controul, during their Childhood and Minority, you punish them for the Fruit of that Tree which your selves have planted, which is in it self the height of *Injustice*; but on the contrary, here you are condemn'd for breaking the Laws of your Maker, which you were bred in fear of, and taught to obey: and you that cou'd punish your own Flesh and Blood so for nothing, without relenting, have a just Judgment for being punish'd here without *Mercy*. And as for their being Lewd and Extravagant, that is no *Plea* for you, since that is the Lesson you have taught 'em both by Example and Precept, from the time of their Birth till their coming to Years of Understanding; for you shall have a *Taylor's Daughter* with you go in the Garb of the Children of a *Duke* in the Country, and even Miss *Kitch* be call'd away from the Mob: Your Sons must keep their Horses, and their *Whores* too, before they know the use of either, and then you punish them for persevering when they are better skill'd. And as for the Birds and Beast (Examples I think unworthy to be follow'd by a Nobler Being, or quoted as a Precedent,) they are so far excelling you in that Point, that they educate their Young in the simple course of Nature, not elevating them above what's necessary, nor leaving them, till they have sufficiently enur'd them to provide for themselves, all that Nature requires. But just contrary to the Example you quote, you, all the Infancy of your Children, keep them from *hardship*, and *knowing how to live*, and to provide for themselves, and then on the sudden cast 'em out of their Nest unfledg'd, without teaching 'em to fly. Nor is your proud Supposition that you may dispose of your own Gettings more pious or justifiable, unless you will make your selves Gods, and claim the propriety of that, which you cannot carry out of the World with you, no more than you brought it in. 'Twas Heav'n that gave Success to your Endeavours, to provide for those other Blessings it bestow'd upon you, of fine hopeful Children, and you were in right, but their Tenant for Life to improve your Substance for their good. Nor can you in reason imagine any one deserves it better; for Justice and Reason both will have it, that you that have begot them into the World without their seeking or desires to satisfy your own Pleasure, ought to provide all you can for them, that you brought thus involuntarily into the Maze of Fortune and the Treachery of Mankind. And of all in the World, you have the least reason to leave it to a Wife, that not only betrays the Rights

of your Bed, prostituting her self and your Honour to, *Israhel*; but you at first to little Respect and Love for you, as to desire so unreasonable a thing, that you shou'd cast off all the Bonds of Nature, and forsake your own Children, which she cou'd not but Love if she Lov'd you: For you know the Proverb, *Love me, Love my Dogg*. Having thus therefore shew'd the Villany of your Crimes, 'tis fit I proceed to your just Punishment; for which you are sent hither. You that have thus more than monstrously prevaricated against Nature, shall want all the Benefits of Nature; Fire you shall have, but not to give you gentle Warmth from the Cold of the Season (as when you liv'd, and hugg'd your self in all *Epicurism*, whilst your Children starv'd) but to scorch your wretched Consciences; and continual fears of burning your Goods, Houses, and Writings, shall attend you; to which shall be added, the piercing Fire of Jealousie, that shall prey upon every part of you; nor shall you be without the knowledge of your Wives Transactions on Earth, and see how they mourn in Sack and Claret, and how they Marry, and Whore, before you are Cold; how they spend that profusely which you scrap'd together to give them, with so much Injustice to your poor Orphans, whose Injuries shall never let you rest, but with all the Fury of Hell for ever Torment you; you, worse than *Onan* or the *Sodomites*; away with them whose Villanies raises a Horror, even in me the Prince of Hell, and great Source of all Wickedness.

[As they are going off, two Quakers Ghosts speak.]
 1 Quakers Ghost.. Ah! um! ——— *Josiah*! Verily, who wou'd have thought, that *Rebecca* wou'd have fallen with the Ungodly so, or that your *Rabibba* wou'd have let the Spirit move her, to play with the Calves of *Bethel*, the wicked of *Sidon*, or the prophane Children of *Moloch*?

2 Ghost. By Yea, and by Nay, *Abadoniah*, as thou say'st, it was more verily, than cou'd enter into the heart of Man to believe. Why, there was my Neighbour *Sad-Face*, and my Cousin *Goggle*, *Nabu Sazak-phir*, and [The Lord said unto Moses, Praise God,] was his Fore-name; had they not holy Sisters as to the Appearance of the Fish for their Spouses; yet behold with them, and within the *Tabernacles of their Mansions*, instead of raising up Seed to the Lord among the Chosen and Godly, they did sacrifice to Baal with the Giants of *Moab*. Oh *Abadoniah*! What a falling off was there! What a Backsliding!

1. Oh *Josiah*! as Thou say'st, Verily, and by Yea, and by Nay, that the Spirit shou'd move us to come to the Devil for our Necessaries, without a Conscient. But our Lord will remember our Captivity in *Babylon*.

[They are carry'd off.]
 The Lawyers push forward, and speak very urgently.

Lawyers Ghost. Sure my Lord, if the Decorum of any place ought to be kept, that of a Court of Justice ought, and not to let a paltry Citty speak before a Man of the Robe. But in these *Papish Times*, all Law is neglected, and all its honourable Professors condemn'd and post-pon'd. However, my most honourable Lord and Patron of all that were Black, I shall humbly move this honourable Court, that I may at length be heard, since my Cause is of so great import and concern, and in which the Wisdom of this Court will be highly interested, if it shou'd be brought in *Bills Vera*, and it wou'd too much reflect on the honour and impartiality of this Court of Judicature, to be slack in indagating into a Cause of this Weight and Moment. My Lord,

I have only premise that I take this to be the High Court of
which granted; I shall begin to open.

I will confess that Statutes in *Banco Regis*, may prevail, and Custom in the
Common Pleas; but I humbly presume with submission to your Lordships, that
this Being a Court of Equity, it will give the Devil
The Devils laugh e'ry now his due. But, my Lord, where a Precedent of the
and then. like nature may happen in a Case decided by the

Great Council of the Nation, I hope it will not
be Foreign, if I alledge it here *where it has nothing to do*; the Case is paral-
lel, as I may say my Lord, considering the Circumstances, that is, in short,
Consideratis Considerandis, in *Primo Henrici Primi*, according to my Lord Cook
upon Littleton; and if your Lordships will let us read, you shall find so many
gross Errors in the Bill, and the material Objections so fully answer'd, and
the Case so singular, that I question not but you will give us Judgment, and
Costs, if not Charges and Damages. But my Lord, I do humbly suppose,
that part of this Bill ought rather to have been put into an *Inditment*, and
so falls not under the Cognizance of this Court; and that is, my Lord,
that we are made *Pelo's de se*, the Causes of our own Damnation, by an In-
strument call'd a *Wife*, value Two pence. Therefore my Lord, if you please
to let us try it upon a Jury in any County your Lordships shall think fit.
Tho I think in our Case, your Lordships may decide it without further trou-
ble; for thus I prove the *Negative* (hoping your Lord-
The Devils all laugh at his. ships will let me bring in a *Writ of Error*) to deny my
Negative Proof. Lord that we are damn'd, wou'd be perfect Non-

sense, and against all *Form of Law*, yet that we are
damn'd for our Wives I presume does not follow. And I will prove, that it
does not so undenyably to all that have any *profound insight into the Law*, that I
question not but your Lordships will acquiesce *Nemine Contradicente*; for tho' it be

Mark Brothers how I will puzzle the Devil,
and all his Learned Bench with one turn, one
notable Quirk; mind it well.

Aside to the other Lawyers Ghosts.
that follow him,
They look on one another rejoycing,
and hugging themselves.

Aloud: For tho' I say, it be true, that our wives spent a great deal of Money on
our Clerks, *Et cetera qua nunc perscribere longum est*, and Cuckold us as often as they
pleas'd in spite of our Teeth, and tho' I will not deny that they were as profuse
as *Heliogabalus*, or *Caligula*, and as proud as *Lucifer* (with submission to your
Lordships) yet (now comes the *Paradox*) yet I say (pray mind this) *We did not get*
Money to maintain their Luxury, but they maintain'd their LUXURY out of the Money that
we got: Which I humbly conceive falls not under the same *Pradicament*, but brings
us within the Act of *Habeas Corpus*, that we may not be carry'd away into the Den
of ordinary Cuckolds. For to give your Lordships yet a more lively Representa-
tion of this matter in question, be pleas'd to reflect on another very pertinent Pre-
cedent in my Lord Cook, where *John a-Nooks is Tenant only for Life*, and *John*
Ashtus Tenant in Tail.

Luc. Heyday! What, is it Midsummer-moon with Mankind? What have we got
here! A Cuckold horn-mad, prating Nonsense, and salving his Knavery and
Folly with a Quirk in Law, a turn of a Sentence? Those Shams won't take here,
where there needs no Fee for Counsel, nor Bribe for Judgment. Away with him,
and his Villanous Tribe.

Lawyers

Lawyers Ghost. Nay, but my Lord, I solemnly *swear* your Honour that we may not be condemn'd *causa indistia*, that is not right nor equitable: Wherefore I beseech your Lordships, to have some regard to me as *Latria Barrister* of 30 years standing, and a Serjeant of Ten, that you wou'd be pleas'd to reflect, that tho' I cheated the ignorant, and *squeez'd* and *impos'd* on the *Necessitous*. —

Luc. Was not Hell yet brought thee to thy Senses? Away with this impertinent Fellow, and all this Black Gang, among the rest of the most deprav'd Cuckolds; but in the deepest Cavern; for whom they shall plead *in forma pauperis*, till their Lungs crack without *Feiz*; let the Writings of their ill-got Estates be for their Food. Scoundrels that had no more sense, than after they had cheated so many wise and honest Men, to suffer themselves to be abus'd by Women. Away with them, away with them.

Lawyer. As to that, my Lord, I always fetch'd my Dear home in her Coach from her Gallant, who had pay'd her in a Tavern. —

Luc. Away with them, I say. — What, am I not obey'd? — *[As they are carry'd off, they cry, O Tempora! O mores!]*

Luc. Who art thou, with so precise a Grimace? *[He is the Reverend Crew; and having a handsome Wife, as most of us Love, who was proud, as they generally are; my Bench (who good) was too small to maintain the Grandure she affected; but I being of a good comely Port, with a pair of broad Shoulders, and sufficient Abilities, and the Man of God to boot (which made an easy and open way for all the rest.) I ventur'd to crack a Commandment with some of my Wealthy Parishioners Wives, that they being so oblig'd (according to my Text) might prevail with their Husbands to be the more generous to me in Supererogatory Offerings, which flow'd all into bottomless Bagg of my Spouses Pride and Lust; for that too must be supply'd.]*

[They are carry'd off.]
Luc. You the rest of this mad foolish Crew, what are you? and what the cause of your Damnation?

Poets Ghost. *Quis Talia sando Myrmidonum, Do'opumv, aut duri miles Ulysses*
Temperet a Lacrymis?
Ha! Brothers of the Quill, what Fate for us remains?
But Death, or worse than Death, in glorious Chains.

Luc. What ragged Regiment are you that lagg behind your Fellows? What are you the Black-Guard of the Cuckolds?

Poet. No Royal Plots, no: (Altho indeed we are the poorest Cuckolds that come hither, I believe) we are of the Learned Rote.

*We have on PARNASSUS slept,
And in the Sacred Stream
(To guild our Amorous Throat)
Of HELICON our Pens have dip't,
And thro' AVERNUS and Black-STYX,
By which to swear
The Gods do fear
We bither slip;
And Fairly Bill'd Old CHARON,
As no were wont to do of Yore,*

PORTER **HACK & CHAIRMAN**, I bid you and you bid me to go. I
on our half star'd where. I bid you and you bid me to go. I
with you, O **SH PLUTO** O of hunger smothered of grief I bid you
Since we cannot talk you too. — not with you to me, a fair, fair
— not with you to me, a fair, fair

Luc. Hold, hold, I know your Tribe of old; if you once get to repeating your
Works, or into the Jingle of your Rhimes, you'll never have done. Away with
'em to Old **Sternold** and **Hopkins**, and the rest of the **Crane-Sparks**; Ye senseless
Scoundrels, that make *wits* of your *Anger* when Single, and *whores* of your
wives when Married.

Portr. O *passi Gravura*! — — — — —
Solamen miseris, socios habuisse dolorum.

Luc. Clear the Court, and let no more come in. The Fatigue of this Sitting
has been enough; for my part, the Follies of Mankind are such, that the very
hearing of them, has quite turn'd my Stomach for this Month at least.

Portr. Great Sir, here is a throng of *wild Irish* that will take no Denial, but
thrust in whether we will or no. — — — — —
Irish. Nay, nay, mee Deer Joy, Chreeff blest thee sweet Majesties Face in-
deed; poor *Tragus* is St. *Patrick's* own Country-man be Chreeff, and poor *Tragus*
will come into St. *Patrick's* Purgatory, and if there be no Vacancee, indeed thee must
make a Vacancee.

Portr. Nay, but this is *Hell*, and not St. *Patrick's* Purgatory. Therefore keep
back.

Irish. Eoo! boo, boo, boo, boo, oo, hoo! *Hell* indeed? Say'st thou mee Deer Joy;
be mee Shoul, and bee Chreeff and St. *Patrick*, ee was think that hee that was in the
High Way to *Hell*, could not miss St. *Patrick's* Purgatory, since there is but a
Wall betwixt 'em.

Portr. Ouns stand back, or I'll send ye back to the *Boin*, ye impudent *Paltrons* you!

Irish. Boo, hoo, ooo; Bless thee sweet Face of thee indeed; poor *Tragus* will have
patience till his good Grace will let him in indeed.

What Noise without.

Luc. What Noise is that without?

Portr. Here is a Troop of *Scotts* that swear and stare to get in, and beg they may
but skulk into some cold Corner of *Hill* (which they would not know from their own
Country above) with their *Glamis* from the Fury of their Wives, whom they hear
are just following them at their heels. And then here is some Thousands more from
Asia, *Africa*, and *America*, pul'd on with the same fears. But I'll keep 'em
here in the Lobby till your *Infernal* Majesties more at leisure.

Luc. Do so. — For the world's *sauciness* of these *Scotts* have almost put me
into a Fitt of Vomiting, and Looseness. And now my Lords and Gentlemen that
have given your Attendance at this Court, you may depart till further Orders; but
tending my Health both for your sakes and my own, I shall confer the Office of my De-
puty on our Right Reverend and Well-beloved Cousin *Belzebub*, Prince of the Flies;
for I am unable to undergo this Fatigue any more.

Belzebub. I humbly beg your Majesty would excuse my Age, and give me
my *quietus*. Here is Prince *Satan*, an Able and Active Devil, and Worthy
your Choice.

Satan. Good Prince *Belzebub*, you might have spar'd your good Word; for
I shall beg to be excus'd, if my former Services may be respected; for I had
enough of Mankind when I tempted *Eve*, she foiled me so at my own Weapon.

Therefore

Therefore I hope your Majesty will consider that some employ on some Devil of less Quality than my self.

Lucifer. So be it then, and let the *Mob* of *Hell* make Choice of one, for I am resolv'd to trouble my self no more about 'em. But before we rise, let Proclamation be made of a general *Play-day* and *Jabins* for all the lesser and laborious Rank of Devils, who have been thus long continually employ'd in damning Mankind; let them take their ease as long as *Marimony* prevails above; for now our business is much better done by Woman to our hands: Or if any are so zealously inclin'd to be still busy for the good of their Country, let them employ their Time and Talents to better purpose than formerly, in persuading the *World* against Celibacy by stigmatizing all that affect it with the Names of *Witches*, *Wags* and *Hippocrites*; and if that prevails, we gain one Point, and *Widdow'd Heaven* may bid good night to Mankind. For if we get 'em into our Noose, we may be sure of our Purchase. Let none therefore loiter away his time in tempting the *Merry's*, for one woman will out-do a Legion of you.

For since their Grandam *EVE* in *Eden* fell,
The Sex has learn'd the Damning Trade so well,
Where *Eve* that Rules, there's little need of *HELL*.

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